

troubled; the night is dark,
 and the
 boat is moored in the haven.
 Where
 is the captain, who shall take
 the
 wanderers home ? I feel I
 know the
 path, and the boat will thrill
 with life
 at my touch, and speed on.

Queen

Do you hear, King ? Whose
 words
 are these ? Do they come
 from this
 little girl ? Is she your
 daughter, and
 have I borne her ?

King

Yes, even as the night
 bears the
 dawn,—the dawn that is not
 of the
 night, but of all the world.

Queen

King, have you nothing to
 keep her
 bound to your house,—this
 image of
 light ?—My darling, your
 hair has
 come loose on your
 shoulders. Let